

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Thursday, October 31. 1706.

I Ended last in my Observation of the wondrous Caution of the People on both sides, in their talking of this Union——The Length of the Wars between *England* and *Scotland*, the renew'd Animolities on Account of Parties in both Nations are such, that 'tis very strange to observe, how shy we are of one another.

In Trade, so assumingly positive the *Scots* will engross it, encroach upon our Trade, under-sell our Goods, and under-work our Poor, invade our Manufactures; on the other hand in *Scotland*, the *English* will oppress, prohibit, and restrain us upon all Occasions, in which they may fancy we interfere with them——Whereas, *after all this*, on one hand 'tis plain, the *Scots* have neither Occasion nor Inclination, to fall upon our Manufactures, but have Trade and Manufactures of their own, sufficient

both to employ and enrich them, and want nothing but that Intercourse of Trade, which they now capitulate for; on the other hand 'tis evident, the *English* cannot invade or oppress them in Trade, because an open free Communication of Trade, admitting the *Scots* into all the Ports and Colonies of *Britain*, is a Capitulation of the Treaty, and cannot be alter'd; and after that the *Scots* have nothing to desire, nor can any *English* Manufacture interfere with the *Scots*, Linen, or Fishery, which are the Capital Articles of their Trade; for as to their Cattel, *England* wants as much to have them, as the *Scots* do to part with them, and are as great Gainers by the Trade.

What Bug-bears now do we make to fright our selves on both hands, from that Peace, which is our mutual Happiness, and of which the two Nations never had the like

like Opportunities? — 'Tis hard we should raise Spectres, and then start at them ourselves; make imaginary Difficulties, and then fancy them true ones; like a certain Sort of Liars, who having fram'd a handsome Tale, make it so familiar to them by often telling it, that at last they begin to believe it themselves.

I can liken these things really to nothing, but to People turning their Back upon their own Advantages; and therefore when the QUEEN tells the Nation, that this Union will lay a solid Foundation of Peace, I cannot but believe, Her Majesty concluded it a most moving Argument, and fit to be put into the Front of all the rest.

But that it might want no Explication, Her Majesty adds, it will remove all our Jealousies and Suspicions of one another; and this really is a very considerable Article — I mean to prove, that the Union will be a foundation of Peace; for certainly were our Jealousies on either hand remov'd, we could not but come to a compleat lasting Peace; the very Nature of the thing would lead us to it, for Peace, like the Sun, will shine as soon as ever the Interposition of Clouds is remov'd; 'tis a Light in it self, a Blessing in its Nature, as such it ever shines, and nothing can hinder or eclipse it, but what comes from us, and by clouding our Happiness, prevents our receiving the Blessing of its Rays.

Removing the mutual Jealousies and Distrust that croud the Minds of the weak on both sides, will as naturally incline them to Peace, as the Sea on the ceasing of a Storm naturally returns to Calmness and a smooth Surface.

'Tis all Jealousie and Diffidence that make so many Uneasinesses on both sides in this Island, the Remains of Hereditary Feud, and the Dregs of that Inheritance of Antipathy, which is mutually descended to both Nations from their inveterate Ancestors.

To apply this to the Church Part, how are the two several Churches in the Island, like the Boy and the Bear; the Boy runs from the Bear, and the Bear runs from the Boy, afraid of one another; when really the Bear has no Design to hurt the Boy, nor the Boy any Capacity to hurt the Bear; or like the Youth and the Lady in the Play,

who are mutually possess'd by the Father. † She, that the Man was a strange Beast of Prey, that † *The Tempest, or the Inhabited Island.* would eat her, and therefore she was to flee the very Sight.

— And then He, that the thing call'd a Woman, was a Sort of a Serpent, that poisoned by the Sight, and would kill him at a Distance, and so prepar'd them to shun one another at the extreme Rate, and with the utmost Dread and Horror of one another — When alas, on their venturing to look at one another, when the Fright was over, and she found the Man did not eat her; and he, that the Woman did not poison him at Sight, they soon undeceiv'd one another, found they were impos'd upon, and that nothing was more pleasant than Society and Love one to another.

The Moral of this Story may not be wholly improper here — We have two Sister Churches, they are both the same in their Nature, born of one Mother, Religion, begotten by one Father, The Reformation, I speak of their Civil or Politick Being; both legitimate, both in a Climate, both of a Complexion, both taught at two Schools, and have embrac'd different Rules of Living — Their mutual Enemies have rais'd terrible Feuds and Broils, which have ended in Blood among them, and long they have been at Variance together; Proximity of Blood, Partnership in the Inheritance, Sameness of Interest, and all the common Topicks of Wisdom and Prudence, have not been able to bring them to Peace. Continued Whisperers on either side have kept them at wicked Variance, nay so far some have gone, as to make Vows of Destruction one against another, for suppressing of Schismatics, and the like, which ought to be first repented of, and then broken, as being void in their own Nature.

Now, wearied by their Strife, and a little better advis'd, these two Sisters are come a little nearer, their Shapes do not seem so strange, their Aspect so horrid, but they begin to see themselves like one another, to acknowledge the Relation between one another, and it seems possible, that they may live lovingly together.

Now

Now they begin to see, how foolish they have been in all the disobliging Things they have done to one another! — Experience and their own Harms have brought them in some Measure to their Senses, and there appears a good Disposition on all sides, to

accommodating Matters to general Reconciliation, and the like; but they want not innumerable Enemies to whisper Mischief, and foment old Jealousies between them, to their mutual Injury, and with real Design of their mutual Destruction.

MISCELLANEA.

OUR last left off with an Address to the Ladies, on Account of the Stage; I shall conclude for the present with a Word of Advice to the Criticks.

AND now, Gentlemen Criticks, you that challenge Wit and Humour, whether justly or no, I won't debate; 'tis in your Power to reform the Stage; 'tis in your Power to make Lewdness it self blush, and bring Vice quite out of Fashion; if you please but to muster up your powerful Squadrons, and declare a universal War against Vice—When you put on a new Coat of Vertue, no Man of Fashion will wear the old ones. The Poets justly dread your Power, because you are the meer Legislators of the Theatre; if you once make Proclamation, that Bawdy shall never make a Jest, that Blasphemy shall never pass for Wit, that when the Women blush, the Men shan't laugh; that he that offers to swear in his Part, shall be incapable to please, and that prophane Poets shall write no more—The Work's done, Gentlemen, the Players immediately submit to your Laws, the Poets tremble at your Censure, Her Majesty may dissolve the new Commission for regulating Plays, and save the Salary, or bestow it on

the Actors to encourage their Modesty. Vertue will rise and grow gay, Her Triumph will be your Glory, and Her Friendship your Reward.

Nor shall our Plays want Wit, Humour, Plot, Language, or the Power of pleasing. But the Taste of the Auditors being reformed, they shall no more mistake Prophane-ness and Lewdness for Wit, Buffoonry for Humour, vicious Intrigue for Plot, Oaths and Curses and Blasphemy, for Politeness of Phrase, and a general Air of Wickedness for a Test of pleasing — And to conclude, Gentlemen, this must be the Beginning of the Stages Recovery, or it will be ruin'd; for the Cry of universal Modesty is against them, and one time or other they will fall by the Power of Law, if they do not reform—This is the Way to save them, and reform them both together—And this is the only Way to cure the general Mischief they do, and the fatal Progress of Vice in the Town; 'tis in your Power, Gentlemen, to do this great Work.

THE Men of Honour must from Vice dissent,
Before the Rakes and Bullies will repent;
Vertue must be the Fashion of the Town,
Before the Beaus and Ladies put it on;
Wit must no more be bawdy and prophane,
Or Wit to Vertue's reconcil'd in vain.
The Clergy must be sober, grave and wise,
Or else in vain they cant of Paradise;
Our Reformation never can prevail,
While Precepts govern, and Examples fail.
Were but the Ladies vertuous, as they're fair,
The Beaus wou'd blush, as often as they swear;

Vid.

Vice wou'd grow antiquated thro' the Town;
 Wou'd all our Men of Mode but cry it down;
 For Sin's a Slave to Custom, and will die,
 Whenever Habit suffers a Decay:
 And therefore all our Reformation here
 Must work upon our Shame, and not our Fear.

If once the Mode of Vertue would begin,
 The Men of Mode wou'd be asham'd to sin;
 Fashion is such a strange bewitching Charm,
 Because they'd not be laugh't at, they'd reform,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

These are to give Notice,
THAT *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in ordinary to King *Charles II.* Sells (rightly prepar'd) his famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate *VENEREAL* Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities; She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*.

* * She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turn-stile, in Holborn.

THE Royal Chymical Cosmetick, experienced for 7 Years past, by above a 1000 several Persons, effectually to cure the most inveterate Scabs, Itch, Tetter, Kingworms, white scaly Breakings out, often taken for the Leprosy, Salt Humours, &c. In any part of the Body, and that in a few Days,

when the Deformity has been some Years. It infallibly frees the Face, &c. of Worms in the Skin, Pimples, Pustules, Heat, Redness, Yellowness, Sunburnings, and such like Defilements, rendring the Skin white, smooth and soft: Being the most certain and safe Restorer, Preserver and Improver of a good Complexion, or natural Beauty, yet known. 'Tis a neat clean Medicine, and of a grateful Scent, fit to be used by the most delicate of the Fair Sex, or to young Children. Price 5 s. or 2 s. and 6 d. the Bottle with Directions To be had at Mr. Roper's, Bookseller in Fleetstreet, and at the Golden Ball in Half Moon Court, on Ludgate-Hill.



Bartlet's Invention for the Cure of Ruptures, from the Birth to 60 or 80 Years, the first that found out the true Cause and Cure. With a full and clear Discovery, of the Unaccountable Blunders or Frauds, of both Learned and Vulgar to this Day, especially such as pretend to Cure without a nice Spring Truss to keep in the Guts. At the Golden Ball, by the Tavern in Prescot-street in Good man's Fields. From 8 till 6 at Night, except on the real Christian Sabbath, call'd Saturday. I seldom Visit till Seven at Night, (unless the Patient be in Misery or Danger) nor then without a Fee, unless poor.

